

Amigo

The Glorious Sons

We were drinking and having times, down by the ocean.

Thought of running away, but don't we all.

We had the strange Idea, we were going to be famous.

But we were to drunk to drive, or make that call. My Amigo Well his eyes were dead, but he was still writing
down the lines.

He had a quart in his hand, he said, "I wasn't made for these times." Cemetery. In the corner of, just a couple of
dirty dogs. It's sad but I felt blessed. A month still dead, we were at our best. Amigo You're still nineteen, you're
still hungry, you're still young.

You're still nineteen, you're still hungry, you're still loved.

You're only nineteen, you're only hungry, you're so dumb.

You're still nineteen, you're still hungry, you're still young

My amigo. Well his eyes were dead, but he was still writing down the lines. He had a quart in his hand, he said,
"I wasn't made for these times. Amigo. (x2)

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